

Hope Star

Star of Hope, 1899; Press 1907,
Consolidated January 18, 1908.
Published every week-day afternoon by
Star Publishing Co., Inc.
(C. S. Palmer and Alex. H. Wamborn)
at the Star building, 212-214 South Walnut Street, Hope, Ark.

ALEX. H. PALMER, President
C. S. PALMER, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second class matter at the Post office at Hope, Arkansas,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

(P)—Means Associated Press
(N.E.A.)—Means Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.
Subscription Rate (Always Payable in Advance): By city carrier
per week: \$3.50; by mail: \$4.00; by express: \$4.50; by air: \$5.00.
Member of The Associated Press: The Associated Press is exclu-
sively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited
to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news
published herein.

National Advertising Representative—Arkansas Dallas, Inc.,
Memphis, Tenn., Brierley Building, Chicago, 400 North Michigan
Avenue, New York City, 282 Madison Avenue, Detroit, Mich., 2842 W.
Grand Blvd.; Oklahoma City, 414 Terminal Bldg.; New Orleans, 722
Union St.

SIDE GLANCES

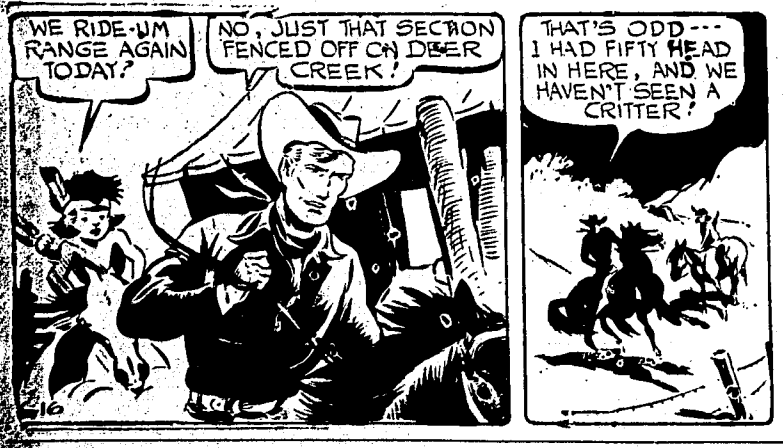
By Galbraith



"They're supposed to take turns every week doing chores
around the house, but they argue about whose week it is
and everything's done!"



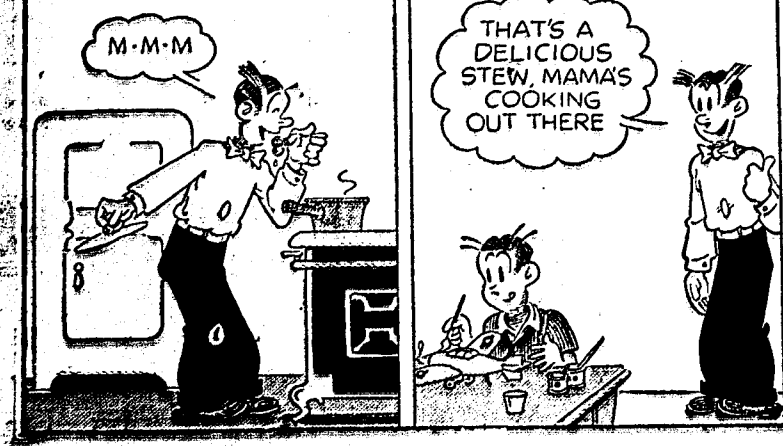
"You're 'at sea' when it comes to blue Wheaties package, and in-
to planning breakfast—here's a side—there's champion nourish-
ing. Interesting menus on the menu and 'feeding' the 'feeding' flavor,
side of that famous orange and Try Wheaties, and see!



"No wonder he's so down."
"Fence break-up!"
"No wonder he's so down!"
"Fence break-up!"



"Whoa, Pop, and Stop Whinnying!"



"I'm-M-M"
"THAT'S A DELICIOUS
DELICIOUS MAMA'S
COOKING OUT THERE"

Hold Everything

Every Day in
Hope Star
14 Carbons
Two Serial Stories
20,000-Word Wire Report.



"Sandy McSandy will not ad-
dress you on 'Free Enterprise!'"

Pastured cows graze at night as
well as during the day.



"Quite an improvement over the early life rats, eh?"



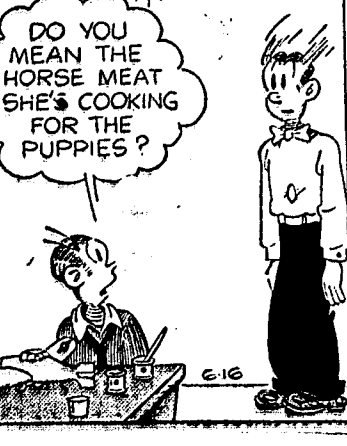
"You're 'at sea' when it comes to blue Wheaties package, and in-
to planning breakfast—here's a side—there's champion nourish-
ing. Interesting menus on the menu and 'feeding' the 'feeding' flavor,
side of that famous orange and Try Wheaties, and see!



"No wonder he's so down."
"Fence break-up!"
"No wonder he's so down!"
"Fence break-up!"



"Whoa, Pop, and Stop Whinnying!"



"I'm-M-M"
"THAT'S A DELICIOUS
DELICIOUS MAMA'S
COOKING OUT THERE"

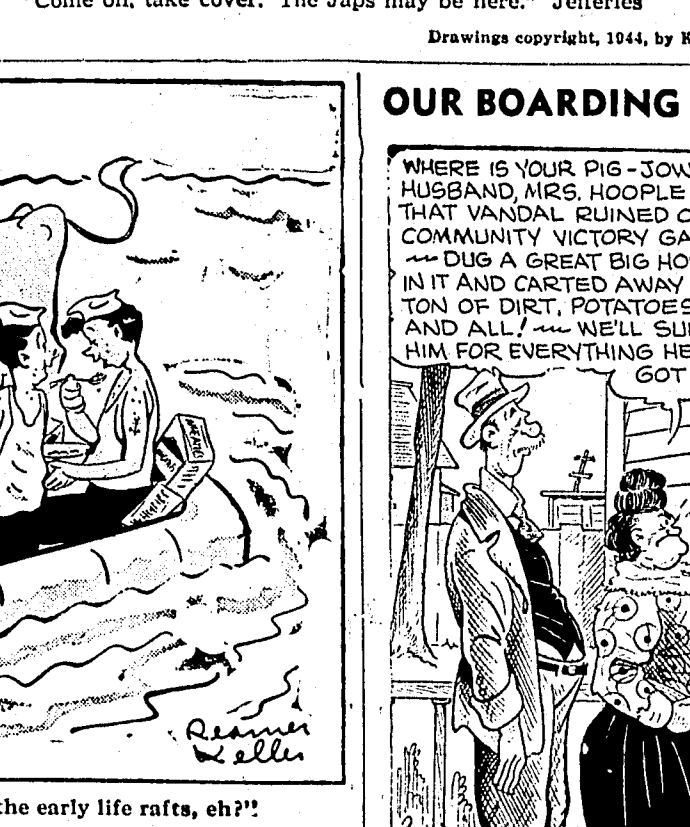
Wingate's Raiders

Based on the story of the fabulous jungle adventure
that raised the curtain on the Battle for Burma

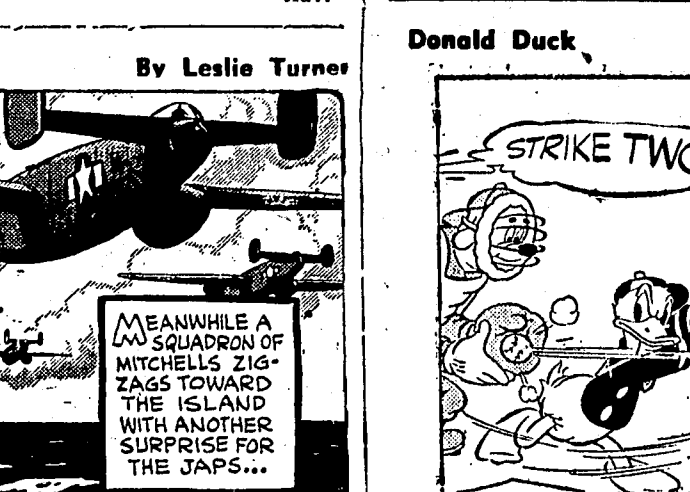


Jeffries began to sink in midstream.

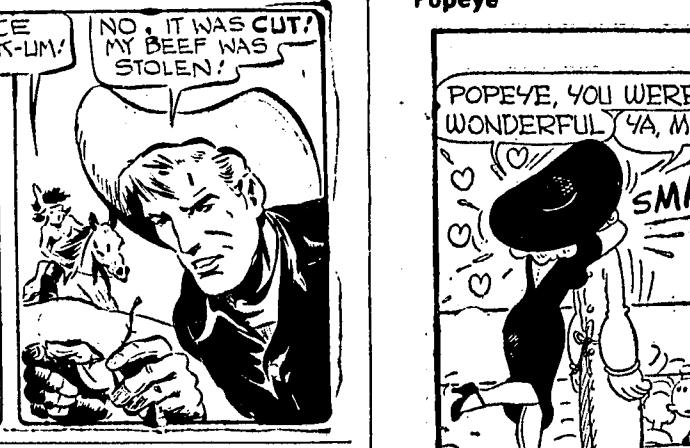
Wingate found him on the beach. "Take cover," he said.



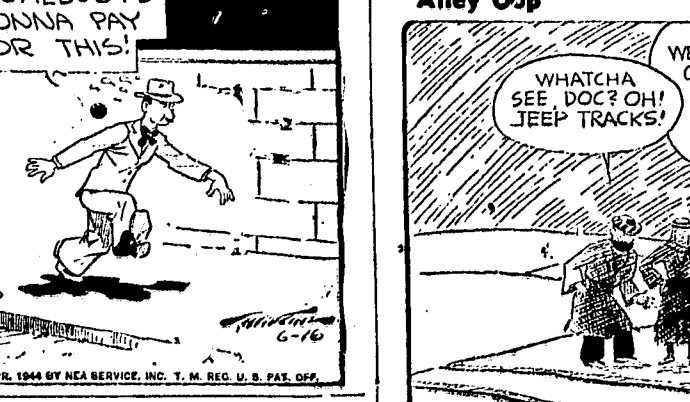
They struggled to his feet and watched lazily as the Brigadier
doubled up the beach in his bare feet. Suddenly, Wingate
let out a feral yell and jumped back into the water. The
others thought, "Wingate! Then they realized it was the red-
hot shot who had roasted the Brigadier's bare feet.



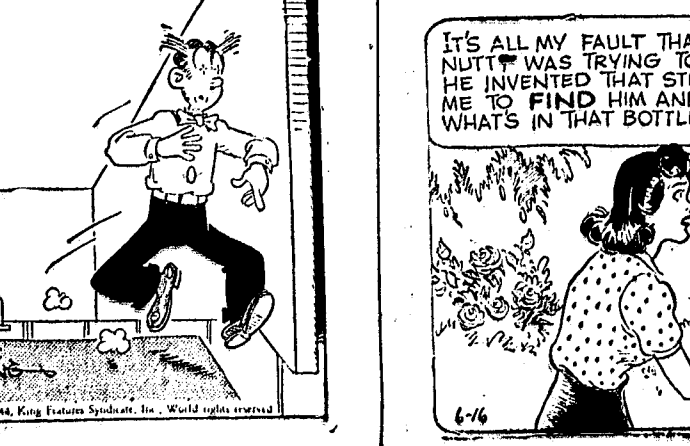
Two hours later, five scarabows, barefooted, heavily-
bearded and in ragged tunics, were dinking tea.



When they were in midstream the Jap mortar again went
into action, but this time the fire was wild. From the
west bank a familiar sound welcomed them home—the
sharp, sustained rattle of Bren guns raking the enemy.



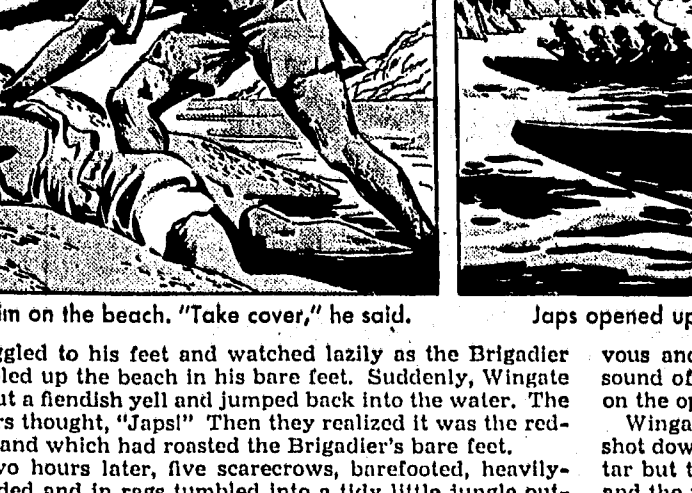
Out of the shadows a bearded figure in an old pilot hel-
met rose from the sandbank to greet them...



(Concluded tomorrow)

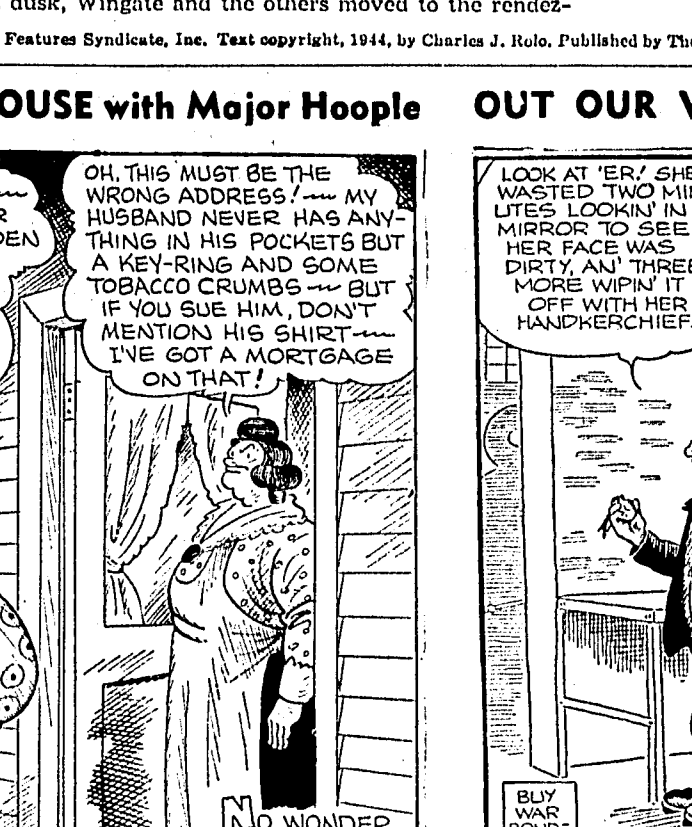
OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople

By J. R. Williams

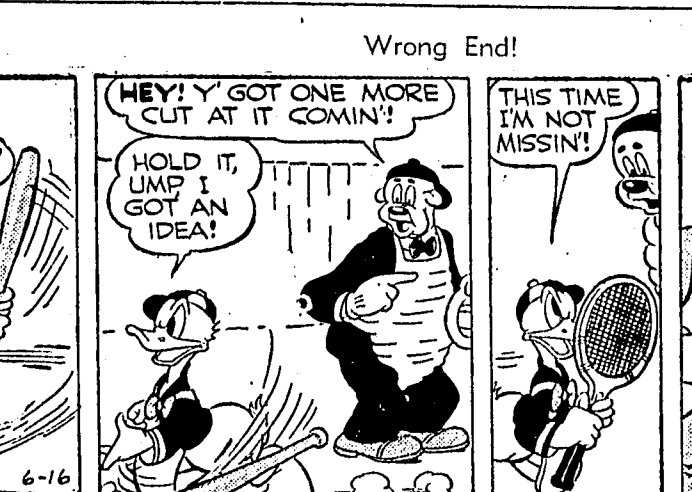


WHERE IS YOUR PIG-JOWL
WRONG ADDRESS?—MY
HUSBAND NEVER HAS ANY
THING IN HIS POCKETS BUT
A KEY-RING AND SOME
TOBACCO CASES.

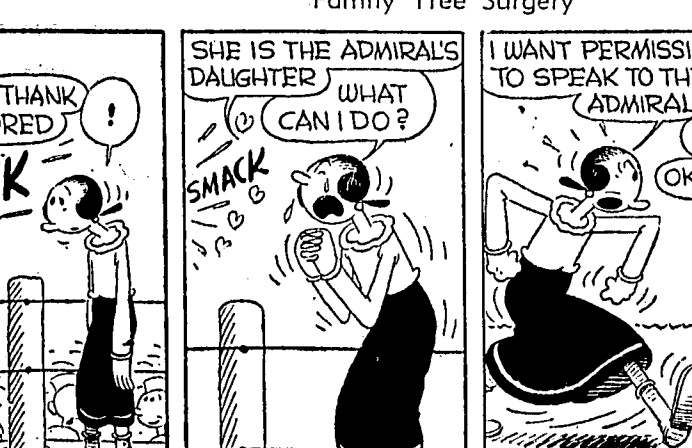
"OH, THAT MUST BE THE
WRONG ADDRESS?—MY
HUSBAND NEVER HAS ANY
THING IN HIS POCKETS BUT
A KEY-RING AND SOME
TOBACCO CASES."



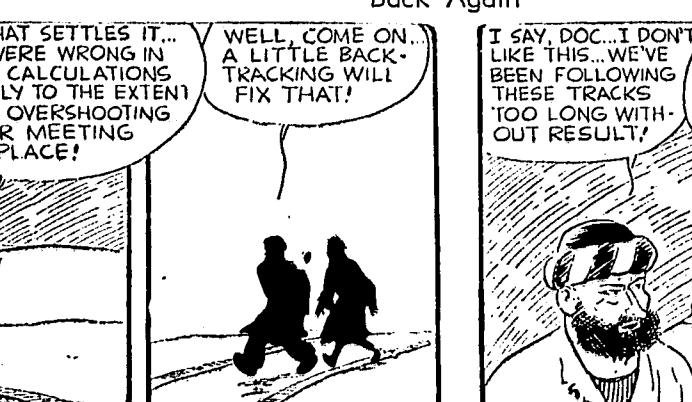
"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



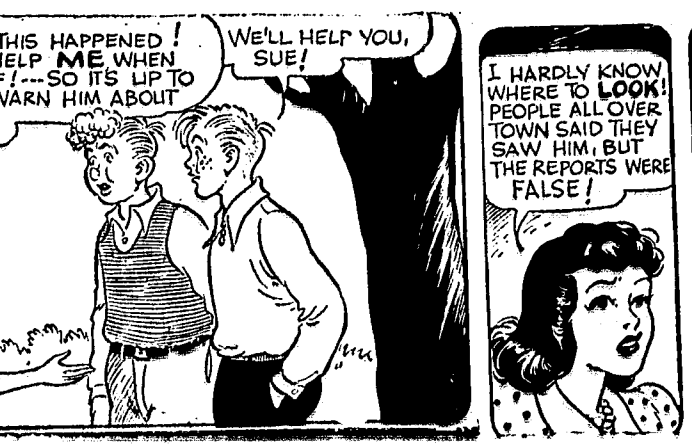
"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



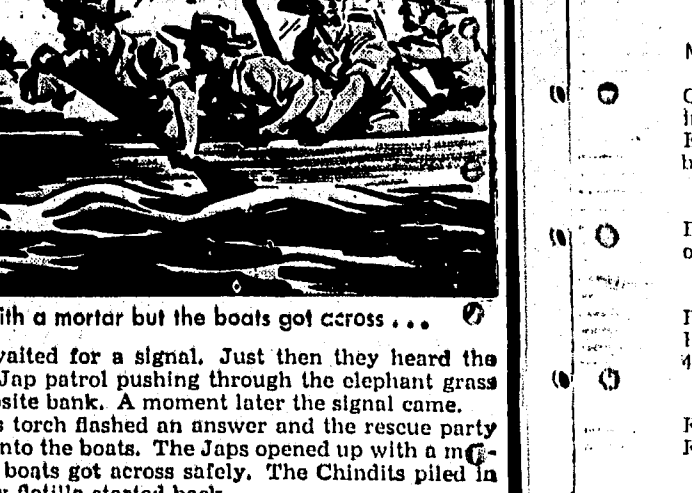
"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."

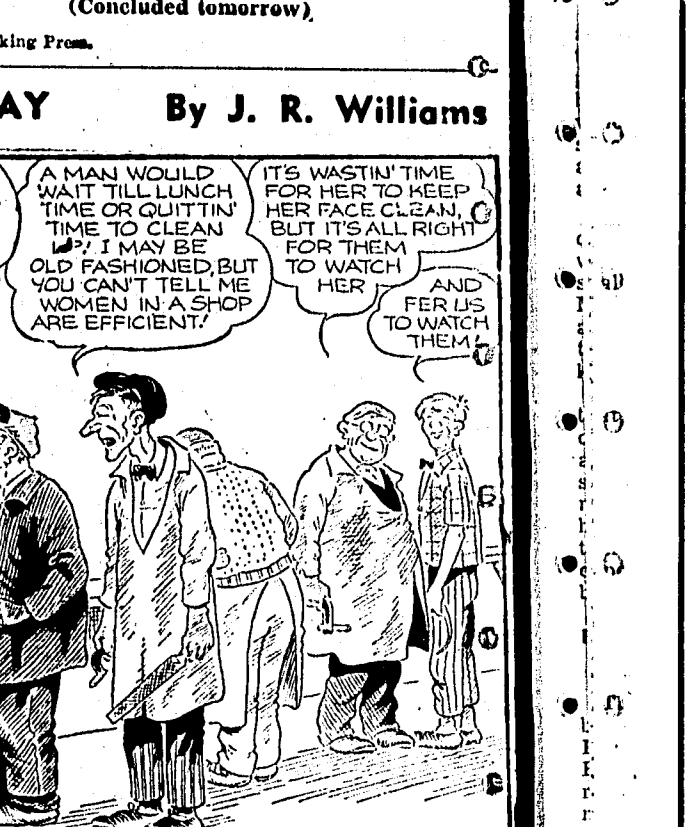
OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

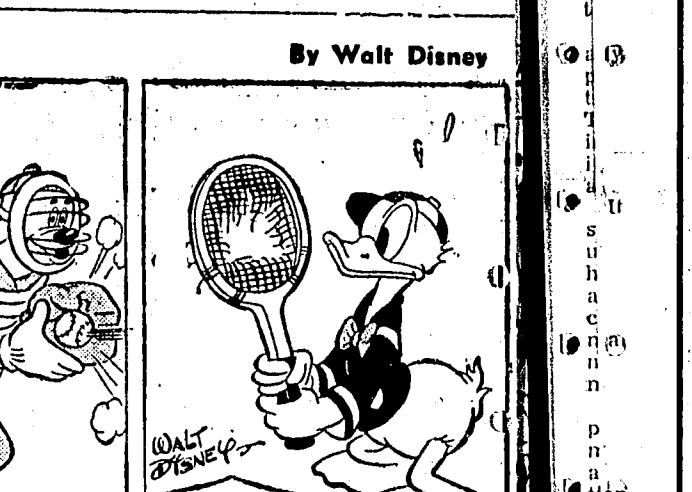


LOOK AT 'ER! SHE
WASTED TWO MIN-
UTES LOOKING IN
MIRROR TO SEE IF
DIRTY AND THREE
TOBACCO CASES.

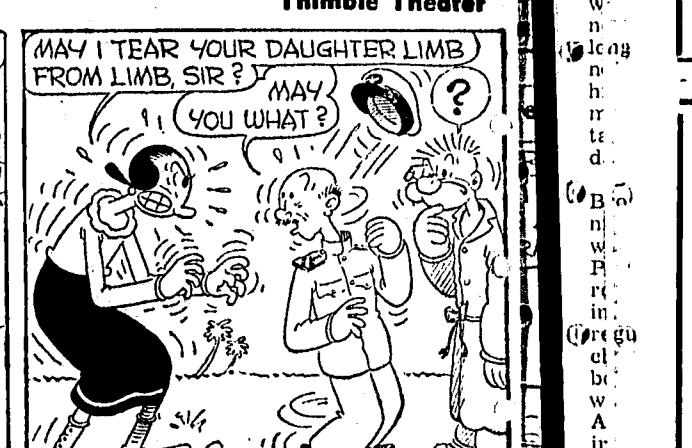
"OH, THAT MUST BE THE
WRONG ADDRESS?—MY
HUSBAND NEVER HAS ANY
THING IN HIS POCKETS BUT
A KEY-RING AND SOME
TOBACCO CASES."



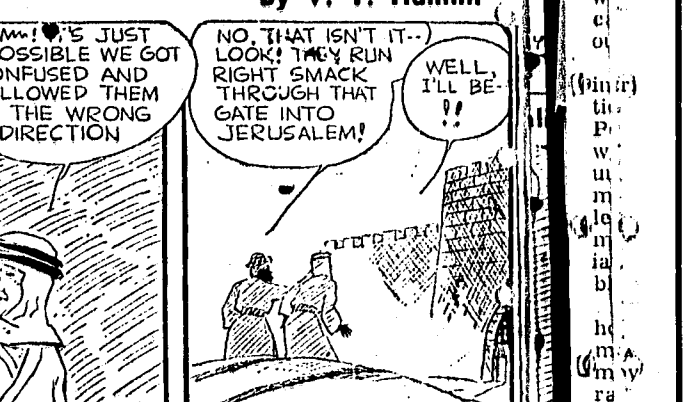
"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



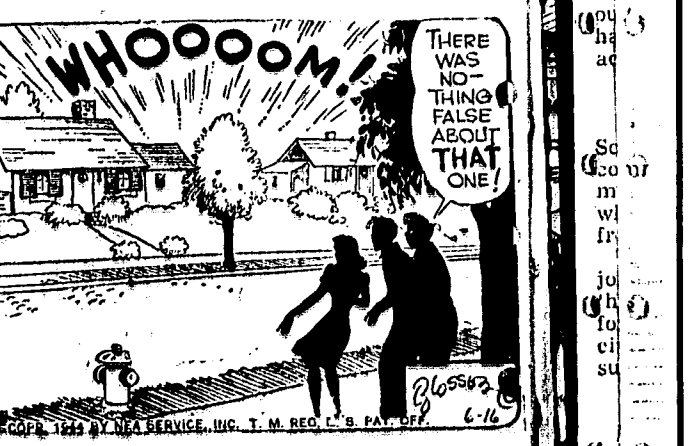
"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."

Social and Personal

Friday, June 16, 1944
Phone 768 Between 8 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Social Calendar

Monday, June 19th
T. W. A. of the First Baptist
Church will have a special meet-
ing at 7:30 o'clock, home of Anna
Pave Thrall. All members please
be present.

Circle No. 1, W. M. S. of the First
Baptist Church, Fair Park, 1
o'clock.

Circle No. 2, W. M. S. of the First
Baptist Church, home of Mrs. J. L.
Rogers, 401 South Hix street,
4 o'clock.

Circle No. 3, W. M. S. of the First
Baptist Church, home of Mrs.
Fred Lusk, Highway 67, 4 o'clock.

Circle No. 4, W. M. S. of the First
Baptist Church, home of Mrs.
Gus Haynes, South Main street, 4
o'clock.

Circle No. 5, W. M. S. of the First
Baptist Church, home of Mrs.
Mrs. E. H. Thompson, 1444, by Charles J. Rold, Published by The Viking Press.

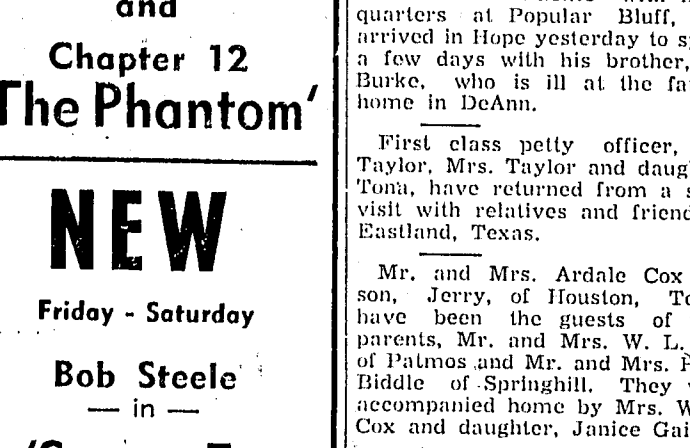
OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople

By J. R. Williams

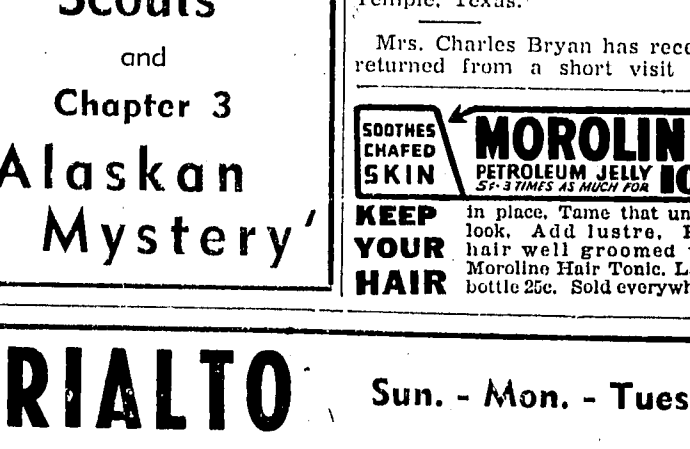


WHERE IS YOUR PIG-JOWL
WRONG ADDRESS?—MY
HUSBAND NEVER HAS ANY
THING IN HIS POCKETS BUT
A KEY-RING AND SOME
TOBACCO CASES.

"OH, THAT MUST BE THE
WRONG ADDRESS?—MY
HUSBAND NEVER HAS ANY
THING IN HIS POCKETS BUT
A KEY-RING AND SOME
TOBACCO CASES."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."



"NO WONDER
WAS SO NICE."

God's Front Porch

A Novel By KETTI FRINGS
Copyright, 1944, Ketti Frings-Delaware, 1944, NEA Books, Inc.

"I don't want to put you out,
Caterwall, but I'm going to
hide my inner eagerness. May-
be I could stay with them—he
word nodded toward Emily and
the others.

"No, son," the older man told
him firmly. "You're coming where
you belong, sonally."

Smiling, Caterwall began for-
mal goodbyes to his train com-
panions, but the old man inter-
rupted.

"You'll stay with them around
here. They'll be down the street.
See all of you later." And holding
Caterwall's arm, he took him to
the arm, the old man led him off.

Emily smiled, noting that Cater-
wall's step was already more
brisk and confident than it had
been before.

"Miss Keenan, you'll ex-
cuse me, please? I'd like to
say goodbye." It was Emily's voice
which quickly drew her around.
Something about her manner,
something about her smile and
her hand, he was holding out to
her, "There's somebody here for you!"

"Goodbye, Miss Keenan," he re-
plied, but Emily, turned to Emily
and said, "Goodbye, Miss Keenan."

"Where is he going? We were
going to take her to the
station house."

"He's going to the station house,
where a German officer who was
leaving against the country, was
stationed. The officer straight-
ened up as Emily approached. They
spoke briefly, turned and moved
off. . . in a moment, were lost to
view."

Emily and Pinsky looked at each
other.

"Pinky was confused again. 'I
don't know. . . I don't get it.'"
"Pinky, are you sure this is the
right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure. . . I'm sure."

"Where is he going? We were
going to take her to the
station house."

"He's going to the station house,
where a German officer who was
leaving against the country, was
stationed. The officer straight-
ened up as Emily approached. They
spoke briefly, turned and moved
off. . . in a moment, were lost to
view."

Emily and Pinsky looked at each
other.

"Pinky was confused again. 'I
don't know. . . I don't get it.'"
"Pinky, are you sure this is the
right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure. . . I'm sure."

"Where is he going? We were
going to take her to the
station house."

"He's going to the station house,
where a German officer who was
leaving against the country, was
stationed. The officer straight-
ened up as Emily approached. They
spoke briefly, turned and moved
off. . . in a moment, were lost to
view."

Emily and Pinsky looked at each
other.

"Pinky was confused again. 'I
don't know. . . I don't get it.'"
"Pinky, are you sure this is the
right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure. . . I'm sure."

"Where is he going? We were
going to take her to the
station house."

"He's going to the station house,
where a German officer who was
leaving against the country, was
stationed. The officer straight-
ened up as Emily approached. They
spoke briefly, turned and moved
off. . . in a moment, were lost to
view."

Emily and Pinsky looked at each
other.

"Pinky was confused again. 'I
don't know. . . I don't get it.'"
"Pinky, are you sure this is the
right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure. . . I'm sure."

"Where is he going? We were
going to take her to the
station house."

"He's going to the station house,
where a German officer who was
leaving against the country, was
stationed. The officer straight-
ened up as Emily approached. They
spoke briefly, turned and moved
off. . . in a moment, were lost to
view."

Emily and Pinsky looked at each
other.

"Pinky was confused again. 'I
don't know. . . I don't get it.'"
"Pinky, are you sure this is the
right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure. . . I'm sure."

"Where is he going? We were
going to take her to the
station house."

"He's going to the station house,
where a German officer who was
leaving against the country, was
stationed. The officer straight-
ened up as Emily approached. They
spoke briefly, turned and moved
off. . . in a moment, were lost to
view."

Emily and Pinsky looked at each
other.

"Pinky was confused again. 'I
don't know. . . I don't get it.'"
"Pinky, are you sure this is the
right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure. . . I'm sure."

"Where is he going? We were
going to take her to the
station house."

"He's going to the station house,
where a German officer who was
leaving against the country, was
stationed. The officer straight-
ened up as Emily approached. They
spoke briefly, turned and moved
off. . . in a moment, were lost to
view."

Emily and Pinsky looked at each
other.

"Pinky was confused again. 'I
don't know. . . I don't get it.'"
"Pinky, are you sure this is the
right place?"

"Yes, I'm sure. . . I'm sure."

News of the Churches

Friday, June 16, 1944

First Methodist

Second and Pine
Youth Fellowship—7:00 p. m.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday—
8:00 p. m.

A cordial welcome to all these
services.

Our Lady of Good Hope

Rev. Fr. J. D. O'Connell, Pastor
Mass at 10 o'clock every Sunday.

First Pentecostal

Fourth and Ferguson
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

St. Marks Episcopal

Corner Elm and Third
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

Unity Missionary Baptist

511 S. Elm St.
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

Garrett Memorial

North Main Street
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

Hope Gospel Tabernacle

North Main and Avenue D
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

Third and Main Streets
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:00 a. m.

First Baptist

FUNNY BUSINESS

By Hershberger



"I had to do it—she just heard me phone a secret message!"

"I had to do it—she just heard me phone a secret message!"

"I had to do it—she just heard me phone a secret message!"

"I had to do it—she just heard me phone a secret message!"

"I had to do it—she just heard me phone a secret message!"